

# THE BOLIVAR BULLETIN.

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## Bolivar Bulletin

Oldest Paper Published in Harde-  
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always on hand. Oysters in season;  
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MODERN EQUIPMENT.

JOHN ECHOLS, T. B. LYNCH,

GEN. MGR. GEN. PASS. AGT.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE IN

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## PLAIN RUFUS SANDERS,

With His "Mutton Head" and His  
"Lily White Hands."

The Old Folks Hain't Some "Mighty Pe-  
cious Children" Nowadays—You Can  
Always Get the News at the Strib-  
blin Place—The Last Full at  
Old Man Poke.

(Copyright, 1895.)

"The old folks are raisin mighty pe-  
cious children nowadays," said Aunt  
Nancy Newlin in a general family talk  
with me onst upon a time.

And the longer I live, and the  
more I think about it, the more I think  
the plainers I see in the old  
lady spoke a tremendous big  
word of truth.

Everybody is more or less cu-  
rious to some extent. It must be a  
family disease with the human race,  
but some people have it a whole lot  
worse and give up to it a sight more  
than others.

Remember the Stribblin Place.

If it ever comes to pass that you  
mought run down into the Rocky Creek  
Settlement—then if you want to find  
out everything about everybody in  
all the regions around, go over on the  
Jackson Trail road and put up and spend  
the night with old man Asey Stribblin.

What little old man Asey don't know in  
regards to the general history of the  
country and the people must of been  
tore out of the books forty years ago.

And if you aint too tired to stay up late  
and listen the old man will tell you all  
he knows before you go to bed. From  
general appaerments the old folks put  
in to raisin some "mighty pecious  
children" about the time old man Asey  
was born, and sometimes he talks a  
whole passle jest just because he has  
got somethin to talk with.

But if you want to git all the news  
don't forget to spend a night at the  
Stribblin place. Old man Asey can  
take me up one side and down the other  
and tell you a blame sight more about  
my family records and my general rep-  
utation than you ever could find out from  
me. He is more than concerned to tell  
you about some things concernin which  
I don't want everybody to know. If it  
so happens that I have ever got myself  
mixed up in any scandalations and  
distastefulments in the settlement old  
man Asey can give you all the facts,  
with a few extray touches and fancy  
trimmings for good measure. He is gen-  
eral headquarters for everything in that  
line. He can tell you to a nat's heel  
how much money I have got, or how  
much I owe—when I got it, and where I  
got it, and who holds the waverly notes  
agin me. He can tell you how many  
horses and cows and hogs and pigs and  
chickens and children we have got in  
the Sanders family. Sometimes I won-  
der in my soul where the old man gets  
all his facts. So far as me and him,  
concerned I would see him sick abed  
with a fever and ten miles from water  
before I would tell him anything. But  
if there is any news in the settlement—  
particular if it is right fresh and ruther  
dirty—old man Asey can most in gen-  
eral always manage so as to pick it  
up "comin and gwine."

Leak along last summer I got rich and  
reckless and went up into Tennessee  
and bought me a good saddle horse.

Andy Lucas went with me and rid the  
horse back home through the country.  
The general facts in the case had already  
leaked out in the settlement before we  
landed the new horse at home. Bright  
and early the next mornin old man Asey  
came bilin over after the news. Bless  
gracious, he was at the front gate before  
I got through breakfast. He come over  
in such a tremendous hurry and flurry  
till, by gattins, he was sweatin like a  
free nigger on election day. And he re-  
mained over and hung around till way  
in the shank of the evenin tryin his  
level blamdest to find out what I had  
give for my saddle horse. He saw me,  
and he saw the horse, but that was all  
so far as me and him's concerned. But  
yet at the same time, if you want to  
know where I got that horse, and who  
I got him from, and what I paid for him,  
to a dollar and a cent, don't forget to  
put up and spend the night with old  
man Asey Stribblin. I have never told  
him—I have never even told Andy Lu-  
cas—but I'll bet the horse right now  
agin the sorriest steer calf in the set-  
tlement that old man Asey can tell you  
all about it. He has got the facts in  
the case before now if he had to write  
on back to Murray county, Tennessee,  
and ask the man which I bought the horse from.

Those Lily-White Hands.

It is a blessed good thing, I reckon,  
that it takes a heap of various and sun-  
dry different sorts of people to make up  
the world. As for me, I love these good,  
plain American people around Rocky  
Creek. They are always honest enough  
and brave enough to be natural and  
true. They are my fellow-citizens, my  
neighbors and my friends. We have all  
come down together from the aristoc-  
racy of honest hearts and their  
knuckles. But now in regards to their  
business—they must tend to that for  
themselves. I haven't got the turn nor  
the time to look after it for them. Life  
is too short and time is too skeerce, and  
I am too everlastin busy. It takes all  
my time to keep up the corners and  
make the edges cut at home. And I have  
to stay out late and git up soon in  
orderment to do that. I hope old man  
Asey Stribblin is out of debt and ahead  
of the hounds, with meat in the smoke  
house, and meal in the barrel, and money  
in his danks. But I don't know a  
blame thing about it. It is none of

my business. And I haven't got the  
time to go and find out. It is a thou-  
sand wonders to me that he has got a  
shelter to sleep under. If I spent as  
much time runnin about and "jest pil-  
ferin around" tendin to other peoples'  
business for them as he does my home  
would now be over the hills and far  
away in the Poor House.

Now you maybe mought think that I  
am one of them pecurious children mys-  
sely, but if old man Asey will only  
tend to his own business right and  
proper I can manage my own without  
any help from him. I haven't got so  
very much, but it is all mine. I want  
lorned into it, and I didn't marry it,  
and I didn't steal it. By gracious, I  
made it—made it with my own mutton  
head and my own lily-white hands.

One More "Pecurious Child."

Old Miss Nettleton (Aunt Pliny, as  
everybody calls her), which lives over  
on Huckleberry Ridge, is one more of  
them "pecurious children." She is the  
only one like her on the broad bosom  
of the earth, I reckon. She is way past  
seventy years old, but she never saw  
the moon in day time till one day last  
week. It was somethin new and mar-  
velous to Aunt Pliny. She always  
thought that the sun was made for day  
and the moon for night, and then to see  
the moon in broad, open day time was  
quite altogether too many for her. She  
thought the world was comin to an end  
right away immediately, if not sooner.

She was out in the garden when she  
saw the marvelous sight, and from  
there she flew into the house and went  
to prayin to beat six bits.

The Last Full at Poke.

Old man Poke Nettleton, which he  
was the husband of Aunt Pliny, you  
understand, was likewise also one of  
them "pecurious children." He was a  
right tolerable good man in the com-  
mon way, but tough enough for wedge  
wood, and green-by gracious he was  
so green till you could rake it off with  
a shuck. And then old man Poke was  
a terrible hard drinker till he went  
down under the water. You see, Aunt  
Pliny is a Baptist from High Log all  
the way, whilst old man Poke called  
himself a debt-payin dram-drinkin  
Methodist.

"As to me, I was borned and brung  
up in a Baptist family, Rufus," said  
Aunt Pliny to me one Saturday evenin  
when old man Poke had went home as  
nellow as a Maypop. "I was fed and  
raised on Baptist milk, and Baptist po-  
tatoes, and Baptist bread and Baptist  
bacon, and, thank goodness I'm a Baptist  
all the way. And if it ever comes to  
pass that I can put Poke into a notion  
to fine the Baptist Church and go down  
under the water he will be a new and  
different man. He is a member of the  
Methodist Church now, and he has been  
sprinkled, but it will take somethin  
more than a little sprinkle to wash  
away the sins of Poke Nettleton. That  
mought maybe sorter do for women  
and children, but if Poke don't go down  
heels and head under the water he is a  
lost and ruin't man."

Well, naturally of course in the run  
of time Aunt Pliny—woman like—  
brought old man Poke around to her  
way of thinkin, and the very next Sun-  
day he went over with her into the  
Baptist Church. And then on the fol-  
lowing Tuesday they had a baptizin at  
the big ford over on Murder Creek, and  
old man Poke went down under the  
water. It so come to pass that I met  
the crowd along the road on their re-  
turn back from the creek, and soon as  
Aunt Pliny saw me she opened up and  
let in.

"He is a clean man now, Rufus—  
thank the Lord Poke Nettleton is a  
clean man. He has went down under  
the water, and his sins are washed away.  
White as snow, Rufus, white as snow.  
You can tell the sheriff and the police  
they have put their hands on Poke Net-  
tleton for the last time. No more  
cussin and no more comin up drunk at  
our house. He is on the rock now,  
Rufus—safe on the rock which fadeth  
not away."

To be certainly I was in hopes that  
Aunt Pliny was right, but I had some  
serious doubts in the case. I didn't dis-  
pute her word in regards to old man  
Poke bein safe on the rock and white as  
snow, though I didn't know how long  
he would stay clean and keep his feet  
under him. But from that Tuesday  
evenin, when he went down under the  
waters of Murder Creek, to his dyin  
day the old man never cussed an oath  
nor took a drop of spirits. I don't know  
for certain whether it was the water or  
Aunt Pliny or the good Lord—or all  
three put together—but at any rates,  
when the last final shower come, and  
old man Poke Nettleton had to take out  
and go in he was "safe on the rock and  
white as snow."

RUFUS SANDERS.

THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

Storekeepers in China seldom give  
credit. If their patrons need money  
they borrow it of the money-lenders.

The oldest firearms were used in  
China. The Chinese were fighting with  
guns at a time when Europeans used  
bows and arrows.

The Chinese have a singularly com-  
plicated calendar. Their cycles have  
60 years, each year, month and day  
having its own name, and by combin-  
ing these the day, month and year are  
designated.

The foot of a Chinese woman, from  
the heel to the great toe, measures only  
four inches; the great toe is bent  
abruptly backwards, and its extremity  
pointed directly upwards; while the  
phalanges of the other toes are doubled  
in beneath the sole of the foot.

King Bomba's executioner has just  
died. He was a Sicilian named Gaetano  
Impollizzeri, who was condemned to  
death for a murder, but pardoned on  
agreeing to become executioner. When  
Garibaldi entered Naples he had to  
flee to avoid lynching, and had lived  
ever since on a small island near Pal-  
ermo.

## TENNESSEE STATE NEWS.

A Young Lady Burned to Death.

Miss Maggie Scott, one of the su-  
pernumeraries attached to the corps of  
teachers of the public schools in Chat-  
tanooga, was burned last week in such  
a terrible manner that death ensued in  
a few hours. The unfortunate young  
lady, while attending to some domestic  
duties, lighted a match in a small, dark  
closet from which she wished to re-  
move certain articles, and by some un-  
lucky chance dropped it among some  
clothing, and in an instant her dress  
and other garments were in a mass of  
flames. Her screams brought immedi-  
ate assistance, but before the flames  
could be extinguished she was burned  
from her neck to her feet in a most hor-  
rible manner. Her mother, who went  
to her aid, managed to envelope her  
daughter's head in a rug, thus saving  
her face from more than slight injury.  
Physicians were soon in attendance,  
and everything possible was done to re-  
lieve the sufferer, but they had no hope  
of saving her life. Miss Scott was  
about 20 years of age.

Forged School Warrants.

Speculators in county warrants at  
Woodbury are very much worked up  
over the discovery that they have been  
victimized into buying a lot of forged  
school warrants. Geo. Bussey, a school  
teacher, worked off one of the bogus  
warrants on a Woodbury firm, but when  
the officers went to look for him he had  
skipped. Investigation developed the  
fact that J. D. Vance, clerk of the dis-  
trict in which Bussey taught school, had  
been issuing bogus warrants for years,  
but to what extent is not known. A  
warrant was sworn out for him by one  
of the victimized speculators, but when  
the officer went to look for him, he, too,  
had fled. The question which is now  
disturbing the speculators is whether  
the county can recover of them the war-  
rants which have already been paid by  
the trustee and which were forged. The  
whereabouts of the swindlers is unknown.

Seeking a Pardon for George Dazey.

Friends and relatives of George R.  
Dazey are active in securing signatures  
to a petition to President Cleveland ask-  
ing that Dazey be pardoned; also per-  
sonal letters from influential citizens to  
the same effect. Dazey was sentenced  
to two years, beginning June 25, 1894,  
and fined \$10,000. He will be allowed  
four months' good time, which would  
secure his release February 25, 1895. As  
he will be unable to pay the fine of \$10-  
000, however, he will have to remain  
another month—until March 25—and will  
then be released on his making oath  
that he is unable to pay. Any funds or  
property that he may afterward become  
possessed of would be liable to attach-  
ment for the fine, and this is one of the  
reasons his friends seek his pardon.

Scattered the "Sports."

There was a wild scattering of sports  
in a Nashville poolroom last week when  
Constable William Eason entered with  
a large jag on and a huge pistol in his  
hand. The boys thought that Eason  
was heading a posse of officers, and they  
broke for cover. Two well-known busi-  
ness men jumped from a window to the  
ground below, a distance of ten or fifteen  
feet, and were slightly injured. Eason  
was flourishing the gun around his  
head and shouting to everybody to  
"Stand back." Finally it was ascer-  
tained that Eason was only drunk and  
in search of the proprietors with whom  
he had a fuss some time since. The  
gentleman was not in and a tragedy was  
averted.

A Sheriff Murdered by Moonshiners.

Information comes of an attack by a  
mob of moonshiners upon Sheriff Deen  
and United States deputy marshals at  
Celina, in the Upper Cumberland coun-  
ty, led by Sam Smith, who was to be  
aided by United States Commissioner  
Hull Smith, and the mob of about  
twenty armed men resisted arrest, and  
Smith shot the sheriff, fatally wound-  
ing him. He and most of his mob then  
escaped into Kentucky.

New Factory for McKenzle.

Mr. A. M. Wrinkle has made arrange-  
ments to rebuild tobacco at McKenzle  
during the next season. This is a new  
enterprise for the town. There has  
been very little tobacco raised in this  
section for several years until this sea-  
son, and consequently there has been  
no rebuilding house there. There will  
doubtless be a large crop next year.

Factory Burned.

The Dyer Plov Handle Factory, the  
only concern of its kind in all this sec-  
tion of country, was destroyed by fire  
last week. Everything was lost, in-  
cluding machinery and material on hand.

Tennessee's Treasury.

The receipts of the State treasury  
during the month of October, as shown  
by a check of the comptroller and by  
books of the treasurer, were \$105,186.91. Disbur-  
sements \$102,942.39. The cash balance  
was \$64,716.28. The largest item in the  
receipts was \$29,737 from county court  
clerks.

Burned to Death.

Mrs. Purser, the invalid wife of S.  
Purser, a prominent farmer residing  
near Dayton, Tenn., was burned to death.  
Her husband was away from home at the  
time.

Stove Works Sold.

The Harvest Home Stove Works at  
South Pittsburg were sold last week by  
order of the courts to satisfy a claim  
while in a fit and was the last week  
the property was bought in by A. M.  
Shook, of Nashville, who will pay in all  
about \$8,000 for it. The original cost  
was considerably over \$200,000. Bid-  
ders were present from several of the  
iron centers of the State.

Appointed Ex-Governor Porter.

Gov. Turney has appointed ex-Gov.  
James D. Porter of Paris to the vacancy  
on the Chickamauga Park commission  
caused by the resignation of Capt. W.  
V. Carnes of Memphis.

## CORBETT READY TO QUIT,

And Expresses a Very Poor Opinion of  
Fitzsimmons.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Nov. 4.—James Cor-  
bett and his party arrived in Memphis  
this morning. Corbett, after giving an  
exhibition here, will go on to New  
York.

"I will pay no more attention to  
Fitzsimmons," said Corbett. "I feel  
convinced now that he never intended  
to meet me. I would have fought him  
for nothing."

In proof of what he stated relative  
to Fitzsimmons not wanting to fight,  
Corbett exhibited a copy of a letter  
from Supt. Rose of the Iron Mountain  
railroad to the general passenger  
agent, H. C. Townsend, in which Mr.  
Rose states that he would have gotten  
Fitzsimmons through to Hot Springs  
without trouble, but for Fitzsimmons  
himself.

"Fitzsimmons acted as if he did not  
want to fight," is a sentence in the let-  
ter.

Corbett said further: "I am think-  
ing seriously of quitting the ring. I'll  
make up my mind fully on my arrival  
in New York. There is nothing in the  
business any more, as in nearly all of  
the states it is a felony, and I don't  
want to be classed as a common crim-  
inal. Still I believe that non-inter-  
ference with prize-fighting would  
make men trust to nature's weapons,  
and eventually do away with shooting  
and cutting."

ELECTION DAY WEATHER

Forecasts Specially Bulletin by the  
Weather Bureau.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—The weather  
bureau furnishes the following special  
bulletin to the press regarding the  
weather for election day:

"The following are the forecasts for  
weather on Tuesday, November 6, in  
the states in which important elections  
are to be held, viz:

Massachusetts—Fair until Tuesday  
evening.

Eastern New York, Eastern Pennsylv-  
ania, New Jersey and Maryland—Fair  
weather is likely to continue until  
Tuesday afternoon.

Western New York—Fair, probably  
followed by local showers on the lakes  
Tuesday afternoon or evening.

Western Pennsylvania and Ohio—  
Fair, followed by light local showers  
Tuesday afternoon.

Kentucky—The changes are doubt-  
ful, but the indications are in favor of  
fair but partly cloudy weather.

Iowa—Probably a cold wave.  
[Signed] W. L. Moore,  
Chief of Bureau.

DOKE WITH PUGILISM.

The Death Knell of Championship Con-  
tests Has Been Sound.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Nov. 4.—Almost  
the last memories of the great fight,  
for which there appears never to have  
been a possibility, took flight Sunday  
with the departure of Corbett and party  
for Memphis. The advocates of the fight  
in this city have a case of disgust  
tucked away in the breast pocket of  
their coats.

Hot Springs is done with prize-fights  
and fighters for the time being. The  
horde of foreign newspaper corre-  
spondents have taken their departure  
for their respective homes. Many of  
all of them were disgusted at the  
turn of affairs. It is predicted that this  
great fluke has sounded the death  
knell of championship contests in this  
country.

THEY BUMPED HEADS.

Serious Head-End Collision Near Argenta  
Ark.—Messengers and Mail Carriers In-  
jured.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Nov. 4.—A head-  
end collision occurred between the  
Texas limited and a stock train, the  
trains coming together with great  
force. Both engines were demolished,  
and the express messengers and mail clerks  
were pinned in the debris for over an  
hour, and were taken out slightly in-  
jured. Both engineers and firemen  
jumped, escaping with a shaking up.  
None of the passengers were hurt.  
The limited was delayed four hours.

BEDPOST AND ROPE

The Combination with Which Charles  
Leibman Shuffled Off at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 4.—Charles Leib-  
man, a malster at the Hyde Park  
brewery, rid himself of the bills that  
were his heir to, by committing suicide  
sometime between 10 p. m. Sunday and  
5:15 a. m.

The means to accomplish the end  
were a bedpost and a rope, and the  
scene of action was the bed room of  
his residence.

Leibman, who leaves a wife and  
three children—11, 8 and 6—was about  
37, and a heavy drinker.

The Woman's Relief Corps.

MONTICELLO, Ill., Nov. 4.—Mrs. Flo  
Jamison Miller, department president  
of the Illinois Women's Relief Corps,  
has just issued general order No. 5, in  
which the number of members in Illi-  
nois is placed at 8,500, and in the  
United States 140,000.

Smallpox at Charleston, Mo.

CHARLESTON, Mo., Nov. 4.—Mr. M. V.  
Golder, a prominent merchant of this  
city, has a case of smallpox. Mr. Golder  
attended to his business Saturday,  
when the disease was in a contagious  
stage, and considerable uneasiness is  
felt among the citizens.

Caught at His Old Tricks.

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Nov. 4.—  
Adolph H. Frick, a horse-thief who  
escaped from prison last week, held up  
the stage from Agner, Cal., Sunday  
morning. While Frick was rifling a  
mail sack he was shot by a passenger  
and captured. His wound is not seri-  
ous.

Killed by an Insulted Sentry.

KOKINGBURG, Nov. 4.—A party of  
thirty civilians insulted and stoned a  
sentry at the Pioneer barracks Sun-  
day. The sentry thereupon fired up  
and killed one and severely  
wounded another of the party.

## OTHERWISE UNNOTICED.

The Oak Ridge sanitarium at Green  
Springs, O., was burned Sunday.

Sir Julian Paunczote gave a dinner  
in honor of the duke of Marlborough.

Walter Givers went to sleep on the  
railroad track at Clarksville, Mo. He  
is dead.

Charles Martin was killed by Pat-  
rick Ryan at Leadville, Col., over a  
game of cards.

In a race war near Clarksville, Tenn.,  
two whites were stabbed, one dying,  
and two negroes.

Fatalities from cholera in twelve  
Japanese cities up to September 22 ag-  
gregated nearly 20,000.

It is thought the Belgians may extri-  
cate the post office thieves, Killoran,  
Russell and Allen.

Reports to the surgeon general show  
that forty-three out of 100 cases of  
yellow fever at Havana were fatal.

The cold and broken weather has  
effected farm work in England, and  
there is prospect of a small wheat  
crop.